Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie ſoueraign,
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe?
King. I, I, thou wouldſt begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not truſt you ſir.
Dar. Moſt mightie ſoueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my frie doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe. ndſhip
King. Well, go muſter men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your ſon *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Gratious ſoueraigne, now in *Deuonſhire*,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power encreaſeth.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He ſtriketh him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing b
Take that vntill you bring me better
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the ne
My newes is, that by ſudden flood an
The Duke of *Buckingham's* armie is di
And he himſelfe fled no man knowes
King. O I cry you mercie, I did mi
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I ga
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen o
Rewards for him that brings in *Buck*
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bee

Enter another Meſſeng

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to you
The Brittaine Nauie is diſperſt, *Rich*
Sent out a boat to aske them on the
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him they came from
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting the
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Britta
King. March on, march on, ſince w
If not to fight with forraigne enemi
Yet to beat downe theſe rebels here a

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buck*
Thats the beſt newes, that the Earle
Is with a mightie power landed at *M*
Is colder newes, yet they muſt be tol
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, wh
A royall battell might be wonne and
Some one take order *Buckingham* be
To *Salisbury*, the reſt march on with

Enter Darby, Sir Chriſtop

Dar. Sir *Criſtopher*, tell *Richmond*
That in the ſtie of this moſt bloudie
My ſon *George Stanley* is franckt vp
If I reuoult off goes yong *Georges* h
The feare of that, with-holds my pr